

HOLINESS TO THE LORD

JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR

DESIGNED FOR THE ADVANCEMENT OF THE YOUNG. — EDITOR R.

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MARCH 1, 1906.

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JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR

ORGAN OF THE DESERET SUNDAY SCHOOL UNION

VOL. XLI.

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH, MARCH 1, 1906.

No. 5

THE HILL CUMORAH,

ON the 26th of December, 1905. President Joseph F. Smith and party visited the place represented in the picture and sang the hymn "An angel from on high," and offered prayer. This is the Hill Ramah of the Jaredites, the Hill Cumorah of the

which we are informed, in the book of Ether, two million men had been sacrificed, this number not including women and children. It was also at this place that, several hundred years later, the Nephites were annihilated. Thousands of flint arrowheads have been found, during the last seventy-five years, by the farmers in this



THE HILL CUMORAH.

Nephites, and it is now known in the neighborhood of Palmyra as "Mormon Hill." In the days of the Jaredites it was the scene of their final struggle, after several terrible battles had been fought, in

neighborhood, while clearing and plowing the land; itself an indirect testimony of the truth of the above statements. Sacred records were buried here by the Prophet Moroni, and later delivered by

him, as the Angel Moroni, to the Prophet Joseph Smith. These were translated by the gift and power of God, and we have as a result the Book of Mormon.

Our illustration, which shows the President's party leaving the spot near which

it is understood the sacred plates were found, gives us a good idea of how well the surrounding country was adapted for the gathering of vast hosts of warriors, and the hill itself for the headquarters of the commanding officer or chief.

George Albert Smith.

THE RIVER SIDON.



OST of the readers of the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR have heard of the river Sidon. This important river is closely interwoven with Nephite history, and occupies the same relation to the study of the Book of Mormon that the Jordan does to that of the New Testament.

The Sidon flowed through the center of the Nephite country. The capital city, Zarahemla, and several other important towns, like Manti, Minon and Sidom, were located upon its banks. Many great battles were fought near it, and thousands of Nephite Saints were baptized in its waters. For these reasons it possesses a special interest to young Latter-day Saints, and probably some items concerning it may not be uninteresting.

Students of the Book of Mormon are agreed that the Sidon of the Nephites and the Magdalena of the present time are identical. We believe the time is not far distant when this conclusion will be proved beyond question.

The Magdalena is located in the northern part of South America, in what is now the Republic of Colombia. It rises in the Andes about one and one half degrees north of the equator, and flowing northward for a little over one thousand miles, empties into the Caribbean Sea. It has its source in a little lake called "El Lago

del Buey," or Lake of the Ox, far up among the summits of the Andes. Notwithstanding the fact that the Lake of the Ox lies almost under the equator, and is under a vertical sun for the greater part of the year the region about it is a cold, dreary waste; all about it are snowy peaks and barren summits. So inhospitable is this dreary region that birds never linger there in their flight from the plains of the east to those of the west. No wild animals range there and even the giant condor is rarely seen in those desolate solitudes.

For the first one hundred and fifty miles of its course the Sidon flows in a north-east direction through a deep, narrow gorge. In this distance it descends nearly nine thousand feet. It then enters a narrow valley, which is little better than a canyon, through which it flows for about fifty miles. In the upper end of this valley was once located a religious center of the idolatrous people who inhabited the region at some time in the distant past. All about are still to be found high stone images, representing men, panthers, alligators and frogs. There are also great stone tables and altars and numerous other evidences of idolatrous worship. It is not unlikely that these remains belong to the period of the rise of idolatrous worship after the Christian era, for the Book of Mormon informs us that in this vicinity began the great war which resulted in the

destruction of the Nephites at Cumorah.

While in the canyon the Sidon has grown to be a river of no small dimensions. The peculiar conditions which prevail there are very favorable to river growth; the prevailing winds are from the east, and they carry the moisture-laden atmosphere of the Amazon Valley against the mountain slopes where they are condensed into cloud mists and fall in rain. The result is that the mountain

the picture, from this point to the sea, a distance of more than eight hundred miles. So rapid is the current that a boat can make the trip down in about five days, but it requires three months to make the return journey. The valley is nearly one hundred miles long and widens out on the north to fifty miles or more. On the west are the giant range, of the central Cordillars, whose summits reach a height of nearly three miles above the valley. On



NATIVE BOAT, SIDON RIVER.

slopes above six thousand feet are immense bogs in which endless varieties of tropic plants grow in the greatest profusion. This condition has continued for ages until the mountains are like a great sponge that feed the torrents which rush down their slopes.

Emerging from the canyon the river enters a broad valley where it widens out and flows more slowly and becomes navigable for native boats such as is seen in

the east loom up the snowy summits of the eastern range. This was the land Manti, of the Nephites, and in it was enacted some of the most important events in their history. The old road which connected the valleys of the west with the plains of the east passed through it. Here it was that Zoram intercepted the Lamanite army which had destroyed Ammonihah. At this point Moroni defeated and captured the army of Zerahemnah, and Hela-

man terminated his campaign, after expelling the Lamanites from the valley beyond the great mountain.

On the river bank may still be seen a great stone covered with the picture writing of the ancient inhabitants of the land, which may record some of the stirring events of those old wars.

Just north of the point where the Bogata river enters the Magdalena, a ridge of hills several hundred feet high crosses the

reveals their glistening slopes you are thrilled and inspired by the grandeur of the scene. On the east the great range has passed from our view, being hidden by the lesser ridges which form the western limits of the plateau region in which Bogota is situated. On the northeastern limits of the valley of Minon, a low mountain ridge is visible, about seven miles distant from the river. Beyond the ridge is one of the most beautiful little



THE HILL AMNIHU FROM THE SIDON RIVER.

valley from east to west, north of this ridge is another broad plain which rises gradually from the river to the mountains east and west. This valley corresponds with the land Minon of the Nephites. On the west of the valley the volcanic cone of Tolima and the great snowy dome of Ruiz dominate the mountain summits. One experiences a feeling of awe in the presence of these giants and when for a brief space the cloud mass opens and

valleys in all South America. This valley corresponds with the Land Gideon of the Book of Mormon and the ridge to the Hill Amnihu on whose summits Alma fought and defeated the Amlicites. The accompanying picture represents the hill as it looks from the river, together with the ridge which drops down gradually to the water's edge. The writer believes that the Amlicites came down that ridge after their flight from Gideon and met the Lamanite

army at or near the point shown in the picture. The river widens out there and would not be difficult to ford during the dry season. We found about four and a half feet of water in mid-stream towards the close of the wet season.

North of the valley of Minon is another range of hills several miles in extent, beyond which are the grass covered plains where Zarahemla was located. On leaving the Minon valley the Sidon flows between

navigable to the sea, a distance of six hundred miles. At this point also begins the great tropic forest which lines the river banks throughout the remainder of its course.

We are of the opinion that it was near the point where the rapids begin that Alma crossed his army to meet the Lamanites. The river could be forded there in the dry season, and a suspension bridge of the Peruvian type could be erected there.



WASH DAY ON THE UPPER SIDON.

two hills which rise from the water's edge to a height of several hundred feet, after flowing a little east of north for five or six miles it turns to the west and passes the eastern edge of the plains on which I believe Zarahemla stood. Just at the point where the river leaves the hill on the west, begin the rapids which form the only real obstacle to steam navigation on the river. The rapids extend for about twenty miles, beyond which point the river is

For two hundred miles below the rapids the Sidon is a most beautiful river. Its banks are steep and high and are covered with a luxuriant tropic growth, which adds to the beauty of the scenery. For the greater part of the next four hundred miles the Sidon resembles the Missouri. Sometimes spreading out into broad lagoons, at others narrowing to a width of four hundred or five hundred feet. It is constantly wearing away its banks and changing

its channel, which fact, with the shifting sand bars, makes steam navigation difficult and dangerous.

It was the writer's privilege to descend the upper river on a raft constructed of balsa wood, a wood which possesses the buoyancy of cork and which is impervious to water. The journey down was most interesting, not only because of the beauty of the scenery, but for the opportunities offered for amusement and adventure.

Great flocks of heron, red, white, black and blue, throng the pools at the margin of the river, which at the report of a gun rise by thousands and circling around fly away to their favorite haunts on the Amazon. Alligators are seen frequently in the Minon valley, but are not nearly so numerous as they are in the lower river, where hundreds are frequently seen stretched out on the sandbars basking in the sun.

In passing the ridge of hills which separates the land Manti from Minon, there are rapids where the river tumbles and pitches over the great boulders in its path, and where the voyager must exercise the greatest care to prevent being capsized and thrown into the water.

Frequently you will see Indian women washing the family linen, just as their ancestors must have done hundreds of years before. The forest along the lower river is infested by great numbers of wild animals of the panther tribe, some of which, like the jaguar and spotted tiger-like animals, do not hesitate to attack men.

Sometimes when you lie in your hammock at night, you are awakened by the fierce growls which come to you from the depths of the forest, accompanied by the doleful cry of some nocturnal bird.

Joel Ricks.

PARENTS' DEPARTMENT.

PREPARATION OF THE SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON.

NEAR the source of one of the rivers emptying into the Salt Lake, three branches unite and form the main stream. One of these supplies about one-half, another about three-eighths, and the third the remainder of the volume of water that tumbles through the mountain gorges, winds across the upper valleys, wears its channel through the canyons, and at length loses itself in the western Dead Sea. Each of these three branches or forks has been named by the settlers after the canyon out of which it comes. In the home, the source of the River of Life, there are also three branches, varying in size as the three mountain streams; and for the purposes of this paper let us christen them respectively, the *Business* branch, the *Social*

branch, and *Religious* branch, all uniting to make that stream which carries us through the mountains and valleys of Life to the Sea of Immortality.

At present it is not the purpose of the Parents' Department to interest itself about the Business branch, neither will it spend much time increasing the flow in the Social branch; but it is vitally concerned about the Religious branch. This little trickling stream, sometimes sinking from sight, leaving the channel dry for miles, until it creeps out again as a little spring, is not furnishing its share of the supply. And yet it is the coolest, the purest, the most healthful, the most invigorating; it comes from the "well of water springing up into eternal life."

Assuming, then, that three-fourths of the home life is spent in business concerns, three-eighths in social functions, and

one-eighth in religious studies, how far are we from seeking "first the kingdom of God and His righteousness?" The Religious stream, too, can be made so large and pure that its waters will determine the quality of the main river. What is needed to get more religious life in the home? We answer, *Faith* and *Preparation*.

First, *Faith*.—Faith that the great requisite of life is spiritual development; *faith*, that as our physical welfare depends upon our business success, so our spiritual development depends upon the attention we give to Gospel truths; *faith* that spiritual growth as well as intellectual growth or business advancement requires thought and earnest effort.

Second, *Preparation of the parents*. To this end, parents' classes have been organized, and parents are asked to devote two or more hours a week to religious development. But only attending these classes is not sufficient, neither is a preparation only of the general topic assigned for discussion. If the parents have children attending the Sabbath School, they should prepare themselves on the children's lessons. No, this is not asking too much of Latter-day Saint parents. In fact, preparation on these lessons is absolutely necessary in order to get the children interested in them. "Let him who would move and convince others, be first moved and convinced himself."

What this preparation consists in cannot be considered in this paper. It may be suggested, however, that every lesson should be seen clearly, not as a page in the Bible or Book of Mormon; but a real event in life, the circumstances of which teach a moral truth. "Unless we *see* our object" says Carlyle, "how shall we know how to place or prize it in our understanding, our imagination, our affections?"

From the general Outlines, reader, choose a half dozen lessons taken at random, and see how few of the circumstances

you can mentally picture, to say nothing of the truths these circumstances teach. Here are six: "Story of Esther," "Joseph Sold into Egypt," "The Presentation in the Temple," "The Trial before Pilate," "Alma and Amulek," "The Gathering." The children are asked to prepare these lessons. How many can see them clearly enough to talk about them interestingly for a few minutes? Now, if, in addition to attending parents' class, some time during the week could be devoted to the preparation of two or three of such lessons, should we not be increasing our supply in the religious channel? Furthermore, we would be developing faith, and power to discover inexhaustible springs of truth that would flow forever.

The third requisite is preparation on the part of children. Children will prepare anything in which they are interested; they are interested in anything which they can understand. Proper conditions must be furnished, that is, some time during the week should be devoted to the study of the Sunday School lesson. When this should be must be left to each household. Some children ask for stories or songs just before they go to bed. One or more of the stories might be of the Sunday School lessons. If properly prepared and sincerely told, such stories can be made as interesting to the child as "Jack the Giant Killer" or "Tom, Tom, the Piper's Son."

In thus aiding the child in his lesson, it is not sufficient to ask him to read his text. If you will recall, reader, what effect such a request had upon you, you will know its ineffectiveness. On the other hand, remember how the story of Joseph and the coat of many colors impressed you, and you will have the secret of arousing your child's interest in his Sunday School lessons.

One of the leading motives in the organization of parents' classes was to get the co-operation of parents in lesson prepara-

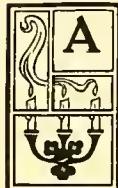
tion. If this aid be secured, there will be more religious training in the home; there will be more sincerity in the work of God; the Religious branch of the River of Life,

instead of furnishing one eighth of the supply, will carry a volume large enough and pure enough to make the entire stream a river of purity flowing to eternal life.

WITH THE ELDERS.

PART XXIV.—TO THE WATNALL COLLIERY

—(Continued.)



SLIGHT gesture from Mr. Chambers causes the coal miners to move aside and we have a clear right of way to the pit. We step onto the "cage," a gong is sounded, the heavy machinery begins whirling, and we drop at the rate of "two-forty" to the bottom of the shaft. Here we find a new world. We enter great dusty hallways lit up by electricity and alive with little mine-cars coming to the elevators from all directions. Some are pushed or tugged by men, some are run down the slopes themselves, some

drawn by horses or mules, but most are pulled by long endless cables. Hustle and bustle seem to characterize the place and the noises, echoing, rolling, and thundering through the dark tunnels, are nigh on bewildering to the stranger. We shudder at the rattle and clank of chains; and the sight of "blackmen" darting here and there, in the dimly lighted caverns with faint lamps in their hands, makes us feel that, in very deed, we have descended to the "lower regions" where fuel is being dug for the "great fire." We experience peculiar sensations for fear of what will come next, but Mr. Chambers breaks our apprehension by suggesting that we go into the office.

We follow him a few yards, he opens a door and we enter a good sized, well-lighted room, furnished with desks and other office equipment. Here each is provided with a safety lamp and walking stick, our hats

are exchanged for little caps, and all feel prepared for the half hour's walk through the dark, rough gangways and tunnels to the distant diggings where the colliers are busy getting out the dormant "fossil fuel."

Our distinguished guide leads the way and we follow. We leave the electric lights and go into pitch dark passages. Occasionally the noise of a train warns us of its approach and we are obliged to make for the little recesses dug in the walls to avoid the passing cars as they rattle on toward the "cage." And more than once we come across doors, hung in the gangways to direct the currents of fresh air into proper tunnels where the miners are at work. We are interested in learning how the horses and mules are trained to push open these doors as they come to them one after another; and we are somewhat surprised at the intricate system of fans, tunnels, doors, etc., provided to furnish the mine and miners with pure surface air.

We stumble along the little tracks, over the rough ties and lumps of fallen coal, until we reach a narrow passage leading off to the right. Through this our dim lamps light the way, and in spite of timely suggestions from Mr. Chambers we, now and again, test the solidity of the stone roof with the upmost part of our anatomy. At certain places the roof is so low we are compelled to travel on "all fours" in order to continue the journey, and in order to pattern after the example of our experienced leader.

But we go on and finally are brought

face to face with a blank wall across our path. It is of somewhat different material from that of the sides of the tunnel, and upon closer examination we find a rather smooth surface containing deep vertical "rubbings" or scratches. We readily recognize these indications as pointing to the existence of a "fault" in the earth at this place, and we are led to recall the explanation given in our old geologies of how the earth's crust occasionally cracked and how one side was pulled, by gravity, lower than the other, thus rubbing and smoothing the adjoining surfaces and causing the pronounced vertical scratches, a sample of which we now have the pleasure of seeing.

On one side we locate a ladder. Up it we climb for about nine feet, and find ourselves surrounded by the same kinds of stone and coal that were on the level below. This clearly demonstrates that in the readjustment of "earth blocks," the shifting or sliding at this particular place was but for nine feet, a mere trifle when compared with the thickness of the earth's crust.

A few minutes more and we have finished our varied walk of over a mile through the "long drawn aisles," more than a thousand feet below daylight, to where the half stripped pitmen are busy with hammers, drills and picks digging the great bed of coal from its secluded resting place.

We study the methods employed in getting out the coal, and are rather surprised at its simplicity. The "long wall system," said to be the best for mines of weak roofs, is used in the New Watnall. According to it the miners dig along one edge of the

seam getting out all the coal as they work farther and farther back from the shaft bottom. By it no tunnels are run into the coal body, and no pillars of coal are left to support the roof, but the entire exposed edge is gnawed away by pick and drill, and every bit of usable coal is taken out. A narrow tunnel is always found along the "workings" or exposed edge of the seam, running from end to end, and affording passage for coal cars and the steady draft of fresh air forced down from the surface.

Here and there, as far as the eye can penetrate the dusty tunnel, we note groups of two and three men in separate "stalls" busily engaged tearing down the fuel. In dislodging it, the miner simply digs the soft stone (under clay) from beneath the coal and then with drills and wedges forces from the top and breaks the coal off. It is then roughly assorted into mine cars and hauled away. However, before leaving, each car is carefully marked with the workman's number, in order that he may receive proper credit and compensation for



"SOME ARE PUSHED BY MEN."

his share of the labor, as nearly every pitman works "by piece" or by contract.

The loaded mine cars are pushed along

the "workings track" to main haulage roads, and then after joining cars from other "stalls" are taken in trains or "tribs" to the shaft bottom ready to be hoisted into "open air."

The long wall system requires the roof of the mine along the workings to be carefully supported by timbers, and Mr. Chambers is not at all backward in speaking pretty sharply to miners who show any signs whatever of negligence in this matter. He tells us that nearly every death in the six mines over which his charge extends has been due to the heavy roofs caving

in the vacated parts of the mine. Consequently we see the three thousand acres of farm, meadow and wood land above the New Watnall have undergone somewhat of a lowering process, and today the elevation is from three to eight feet less than it was prior to the days of mines and mining.

Having had a good look at the workings, we accompany our interesting guide down one of the main haulage exits, and presently come to a large room-like opening with boards nailed across its entrance. Mr. Chambers, ever ready to impart information, explains that the place is barred



"WHERE THE PITMEN ARE BUSY WITH HAMMERS, DRILLS AND PICKS."

ing in, resulting from carelessness on the part of the miners.

As the coal workings recede farther and farther back the car track and timbering are moved with it. The refuse from the diggings is thrown into the space vacated by the track, the timbers farthest back are removed, and the massive sheet of earth above the mined portion is allowed to settle down upon the discarded refuse, cover-

simply as a warning against going into the deserted cavern. He goes on to say the place at present is not properly ventilated, and therefore has become a trap for poisonous and combustible gases; and while there is little danger from safety lamps, yet it is advisable to "keep out."

His reference to safety lamps arouses our curiosity, so he volunteers an explanation of their simple yet valuable operations.

Before their invention in 1815 by Sir Humphry Davy coal mining was regarded a most dangerous and risky occupation; since then however it has lost most of its terrors, and fire damp explosions in England are very rare occurrences. Of course since Davy's time many minor improvements have been made, but in principle the lamp remains practically the same. The secret of the safety lamp lies in surrounding the flame by a wire gauze. Owing to the conductivity of the gauze, the outside part coming in contact with the air of the mine never becomes hot enough to ignite any combustible gases which might be present. The lamp will also indicate the presence of such gases by a lengthening of the flame, thereby giving warning that extra precautions may be taken in times of most danger.

Leaving the "black hole" we continue down the breezy, noisy passage, turn up an "avenue" to the right, open a door, press an electric light button, and suddenly find

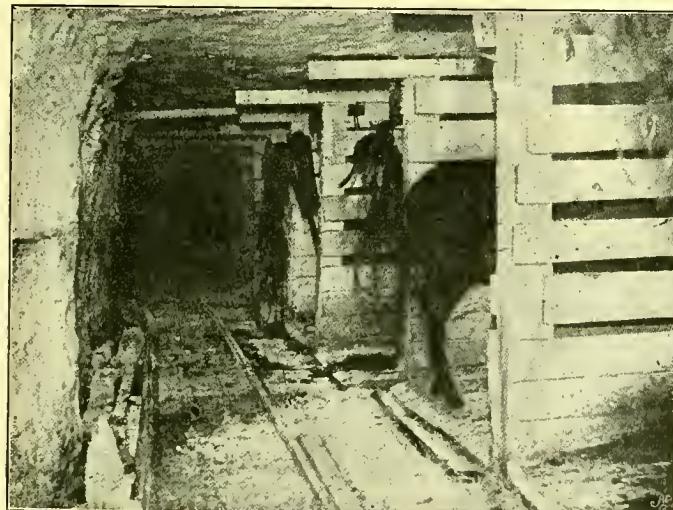
doctor's care. We are informed these pit animals do not see daylight for months at a time. They are employed mostly in the "coal black" tunnels pulling "tribs" to and from the shaft bottom, consequently they see but very little light of any kind. We marvel at the manner in which they find their way about, and are not at all surprised when told new animals in the mine have to get accustomed to darkness before being able to do satisfactory work. Indeed so adapted do they become to dark places that when taken up into the company's pastures for rest and recuperation, they are overcome by the brightness of things, and for a while are "light blind."

Hay, grain and "cake" are brought down into the mine for the horses and mules, and under such trying conditions the animals receive the best of treatment, but the best is so hard that it is welcome news to hear electric power is fast replacing horse power in the coal mines of England as well as those of other countries.

Mr. Chambers turns off the lights, the stables are left in total darkness, and we make for the gangways. Here again we find hundreds of cars waiting to be hoisted to the top. The cables, found only in this busy part, are still in operation, and the noise and hurry seems to be about as intense as before. Our borrowed articles are returned to the office, after which we take what one of our party calls a "last look at the lower regions," then get on the

cage, and experience a "swift flight to brighter places."

Delbert W. Parratt.



"WE FIND OURSELVES IN THE STABLES."

ourselves in the stables where some seventy horses and mules are cared for. At the time of our visit all are on duty except three or four cripples that are under the

CURRENT TOPICS.

THE NEW PRESIDENT OF FRANCE.



HE election of Clement Armand Fallieres to the office of the chief executive of the French nation was accomplished on the 17th day of January in the palace at Ver-

sailles. The first ballot was decisive, Fallieres receiving four hundred and forty-nine votes; Doumer three hundred and seventy-one, the number of votes necessary to the choice being four hundred and forty-six. The leading candidates were the President of the Senate and the President of the Chamber of Deputies. The former was successful. This election has been watched with interest throughout Europe. Fallieres is conservative and disposed to act in a judicial manner. Doumer is brilliant, aggressive, and his candidacy has been championed by a large number of French, who see in President Roosevelt and in his aggressive methods the highest type of executive ability.

The President of France, however, and the President of the United States occupy positions quite dissimilar; and the contrast between these two executives is very interesting. In the United States, the President represents the popular voice of the people. His powers are the broadest to be found among any liberal governments of the old or the new world. His cabinet is largely advisory; the members carry out in their several departments the general policy which he represents, and which as a rule he directs.

It is not so in France. When the constitution for the third republic was formed in the year 1875, the people had not forgotten how Napoleon III, by means of the army, overthrew the republic and established an empire. The large army which

France maintains may easily be made a menace to the popular government in the hands of a strong executive. Her constitution was purposely formed with a view of putting limitations upon executive influence, and the French President, therefore, like the king of England, is less powerful than his cabinet.

The manner of electing a president in France is not an expression of public sentiment, this choice is delegated to the French parliament, consisting of the Chamber of Deputies and the Senate in joint assembly. The French parliament thus retains in the final analysis the chief executive powers. The Prime Minister and his cabinet must carry out the will of the majority of the parliament, or a vote of lack of confidence overthrows the ministry. The president dare not interfere and would be impeached if he did.

At this particular time, when the relations between France and Germany over Morocco are precarious, France needs conservatism and a patient administration—an administration it is believed Fallieres is pre-eminently fitted to give. He will follow the policy of his predecessor, Loubet. Fallieres, like Loubet, has risen from the humbler walks of life. A curious arrangement of the French constitution makes Fallieres president from the moment of his election, while Loubet's term of office expires one month later. What would be the result if a man hostile to the policy of his predecessor were elected can only be imagined. As it is Fallieres will wait patiently the thirty days that must expire between his election and the expiration of his predecessor's term.

In the matter of salary and official residences, the president of France is much more liberally provided for than the president of the United States. Besides the

Palace of the Elysee, three country seats are maintained in royal manner at Fontainebleau, Compiegne, and Rambouillet. The president has at his command a superbly equipped train, and a box at the Grand Opera. His salary is one hundred and twenty thousand dollars a year; his term of office seven years. Before the recent

separation of Church and State in France certain religious honors were conferred upon him. The Palace of the Elysee contains a very handsome private chapel, which French presidents have not made extensive use of. It is said that President Grevy used it as a store room for his hunting boots and shooting paraphernalia.

LETTERS TO MY BOY.

IV.

My Dear Son:—

What I said to you in my last letter about the habit of being obliging is made easy by a habit which I am going to tell you something of in this letter. It is the habit of work. A lazy boy never feels like obliging anybody. With him, things are measured by the trouble he sees in them. A boy who is afraid of trouble will never be very helpful to anybody, and he is very likely to whine even when asked to do that which he knows to be his duty, and what he must do to satisfy the requirements of his parents.

I should say, if I were to tell you who are the unhappiest people in the world, that they are the lazy people. If, therefore, you do not want to be unhappy, and make everybody around you unhappy, you must not only work, but love to work. A great many boys do things simply because they have to; but he is a fortunate boy who likes to do what he has to do. If you acquire the habit of an industrious life, work will be to you both easy and pleasurable. It will take out of your life a thousand dreads that make boys of your age and older miserable.

Never let a day go by without doing something that is both useful and helpful to you and to others. Whenever you can, arrange your work about home so that you are doing about the same thing at the same hour every day. And then another

way to make work a joy, learn to take pleasure in what you do and finish your task before you leave it. There is no right more sacred to the life of a boy, there is no demand that he has a greater right to make upon his parents than that of a chance to work. The habit of industry lies at the foundation of thrift; and so if you would be a prosperous man, a healthy man, and a useful man, you must work.

Boys should learn to distinguish between play and work. You may skate, play ball, swim, jump and run. They all develop you physically, but they are no particular benefit to anybody else unless you use the strength that you develop in accomplishing something that is useful in sustaining you and helping others. If you were to grow up an indolent man, you would be surprised how little people would care for you, and in what derision you would be held by them whenever your name was mentioned. You are not on the earth to have a good time just as boys see it, but to have a useful time—to work. I do not mean that you are not to play, but that your play hours shall be much fewer than your hours of labor; and as you grow older your hours of boyish amusements will change to hours of helpful work.

There is one particular advantage about work that I would like to point out to you, and that is, that a working man as a rule is a cheerful man. He has so much less to grumble about. He learns that there is

a real difference between doing things and saying things. You will learn as you grow older what an advantage it is to have a cheerful nature. People will seek your companionship; they will be your friends; and in the home, your father and mother, your brothers and sisters will always be happy when they hear your footsteps approaching the door.

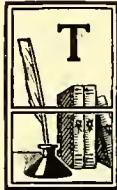
When the Lord drove Adam out of the garden of Eden, He told Adam that he

"should earn his bread by the sweat of his brow;" and the Lord took that means, as well as others, to teach Adam how he might come back again into the paradise of God, how he might overcome the evils of the world; for it is perfectly true that "idleness is the mother of all sorts of evil." And I know of no better safeguard against bad habits than the good habit of industry.

J. M. T.

COLONIA DUBLAN.

1.

HE first Mormon colony reached by the Sierra Madre, Rio Grande and Pacific railroad, which leaves Cuidad Juarez, on the Mexican side of the Rio Grande river, opposite El Paso, Texas, three times a week, is Colonia Dublan. The town itself has a number of very beautiful homes, of modern style, and built of brick. With the exception of the small town of Guadalupe, a place of about twenty families, at the terminus of the road and about six miles from Dublan, the latter is the only Mormon colony along the road. The other towns have been located at distances of from fifteen to one hundred miles from any railroad communication. The road passing through Dublan is projected into the timber belts and mining regions, fifty miles or more further on.

As an instance of the prevalence of anti-Mormon feelings it may be said that the railroad, built by Americans, passes Colonia Dublan, and makes a station one and a half miles south of the colony, in a little place called New Casas Grandes, a very small place of not more than one hundred inhabitants, while Colonia Dublan, with one thousand inhabitants, is denied the advantages of a railroad station, and must

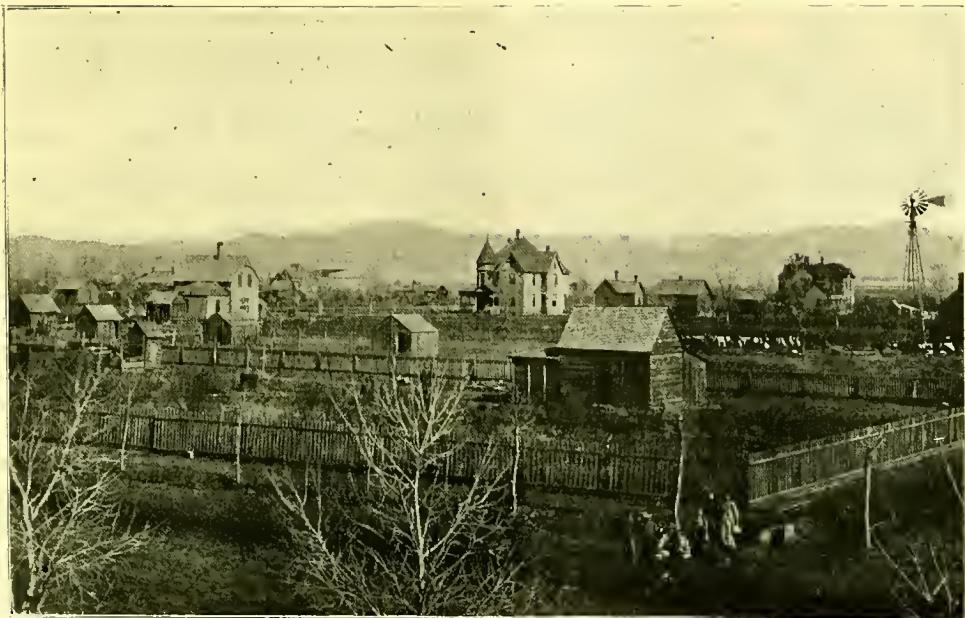
go one and a half miles from the town to get its goods. The annoyance of such a discrimination will be more fully understood when there is taken into consideration the enormous amount of business done by the Union Mercantile Company, a wholesale and retail house, doing probably



RESIDENCE OF ELDER HENRY BOWMAN.

one-half million dollars' worth of business every year. This store, with branch institutions in other colonies, is owned by the Mormon people.

The first inhabitants of Dublan settled there about fifteen years ago. The water rights of the Casas Grandes river, which flows near the colony, were owned by the



GENERAL VIEW OF COLONIA DUBLAN.

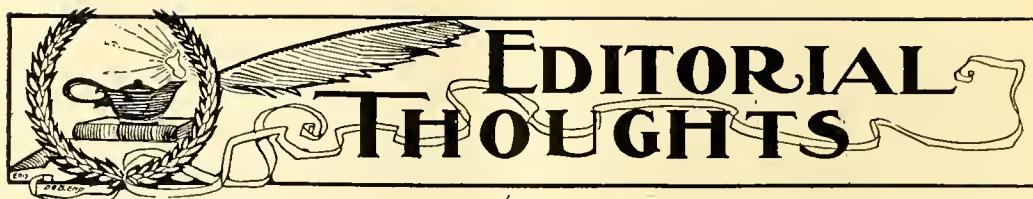
Mexican people located in small towns along the river banks. In mid-summer the river is very low and carries barely enough water to irrigate the small tracts of land cultivated by the natives. Little by little the lands of the Mexicans with the water rights thereto were bought by the colonists.

But much of the land on which they early settled they could find no owner for. That illustrates how large districts of land, to the detriment of the country, are held by foreign corporations. The people, however, began to build homes and at the same time began to search for title to the land on which they had located. It was finally discovered to be owned by a man living in Ohio. This gentleman, however, took no advantage of the necessities of the people, and sold them not only the land on which they had located their town, but a large district of thousands of acres lying to the east of it.

The purchase of this large tract of arable land at once raised the question of increased water rights. Fortunately the newly purchased land had on it large nat-

ural reservoirs which would hold water enough for thousands of acres of land; but unfortunately the matter of securing a franchise for running a canal from the river higher up across the lands of the Mexicans was not so easily obtained. The right of eminent domain exists in Mexico as in the United States, at least in theory. But the Mexicans were opposed to the franchise, and it was thought better by patience and friendly considerations to persuade rather than to force by process of law a franchise for the proposed canal by which the reservoirs were to be filled.

Now that the governor of the state of Chihuahua and the *jefe político*, the head of the district in which the canal is to be built, have both given their support to the construction of the canal, it is only a question of a short time before the waters which are abundant in the Casas Grandes during the winter seasons will be impounded for the irrigation of a very large tract of land near Dublan. This town has greater commercial advantages than any of the other colonies.



EDITORIAL THOUGHTS

SALT LAKE CITY, - MARCH 1, 1906

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THE FRUIT GOOD, THE TREE BAD.



WRITER in the *Outlook* for January 6th, this year, discussing "Aspects of Mormonism," remarks: "As a friend, a neighbor, a citizen, a member of society, the modern Mormon is far in advance of Mormonism, the religious system. More yet is he in advance of the common conception of Mormonism. * * * I have lived in a number of states and in no community have I seen fewer locks on doors than in Utah. Nowhere have I found personal safety more secure, and property rights more respected. Nowhere have I observed greater kindness between man and man. Nowhere have I witnessed higher regard

for the living or deeper respect for the dead."

"The modern Mormon is far in advance of Mormonism." The very reverse of this statement is the truth. "Mormonism" is far in advance of the modern or any other class of "Mormons." For not one member of the Church in one hundred, and perhaps not a single member in the whole Church is able to reach the high standards of faith, virtue, honor and truth inculcated in the gospel of Jesus Christ, which the above named writer calls "Mormonism." Shortcomings and faults may indeed exist among "Mormons," or more properly speaking, among members of the Church, but faults and errors cannot be found in the Gospel ("Mormonism,") for they do not exist. God's plan of salvation may be misunderstood—may not be comprehended by men, but it is perfect and effective, all the same. Not many of the would be exponents of "Mormonism" comprehend the fact that it is the Gospel of truth which makes the member ("Mormon") and not the reverse. By the fruits of the Gospel made manifest through the members of the Church, shall we know them. To those who understand what "Mormonism" is, it is easy to discern, by their acts, how well or how unfaithfully "Mormons" live to the doctrines and principles of the Gospel.

This writer's is indeed a somewhat ingenious method of dealing with "Mormonism," but it is not new. In the days of Jesus the Scribes and Pharisees were great sticklers for the law. They had carefully prescribed rules for the whole conduct of life. Outside of the system which they had built up and which

they had consecrated by centuries of usage, they saw no good. They saw, indeed, opportunities to develop along the lines of the law, opportunities to make a useless and already complex system more useless and more complex than ever. Among them men were judged by the observance of the law, by their conformity to the fixed standard, and it never occurred to them once that the old system was really worn out, or at least rapidly wearing out and must give place to something new.

When Jesus offered them something better than their traditionalism, which in modern times we have come to call civilization, it was quite natural for them to measure it by their standard of life—by the law, especially by their knowledge of the law. Hence the declaration from Him “By their fruits shall ye know them.” This rule did not appeal to the Jew. The fruits of Christianity might be all right, the people might be good, might be good citizens, faithful, devoted and just; but to the mind of the Pharisee nothing could be permanently good that was not circumscribed by traditions.

It has not occurred to men in our own day that perhaps our civilization is taking a departure from great fundamental principles, that after all the people of the world are following false gods. Too many measure the civilization of the age by its material grandeur and worldly display. It is certain that in the universal decline of religion among the Christian nations that morality is suffering an equal loss. “Mormonism” so called, must part with the civilization of the age. Its devotees would like to part peacefully and maintain their own standard of individual and family purity, their uprightness in business relations, and their temperance in the ordinary methods of living. They can maintain this superiority by regarding their religious obligations as matters of first importance, by subordinating the material

interests of life to their spiritual welfare.

The struggle for wealth is the most ardent passion of the hour. The result is graft, intrigue, deception. Every thoughtful man knows only too well the tendency of the age; but the old fallacy has taken hold upon the mind, the fallacy which argues that, “Things will last all right my day.”

The Mormons are not behind the times, they are simply trying to pull away from the times. They see ahead of them a cataclysm. And, after all, the opponents of “Mormonism” are simply determined to whip the Mormons into line. The Latter-day Saints would be happy to live in common with their fellow citizens in all matters that do not threaten to jeopardize their spiritual and moral welfare. They are profoundly impressed with the conviction that they have a mission in life. But it is the old story, man will not believe their age, however corrupt and however dangerous its tendencies, can be wrong. And the more corrupt the age, the more inverted its vision. It is easier to see the mote in a brother’s eye than the beam in one’s own.

The writer in the *Outlook* thinks that “Mormonism” will change, that the new will be wholly unlike the old, that it will be modified and compressed into the limits of the civilization which surrounds it. Of course, the religious lives of the people will be greatly modified by the influences which surround them; and there is always a question for the impartial observer: will “Mormonism” succumb to the tendencies of the age, or will it maintain the standard which it has erected?

There are two reasons for believing that even though its adherents be overwhelmed and temporarily submerged in the wave of human opposition and denunciation, the fundamental doctrines of Mormonism must survive and the work of regeneration must go on. When, however, men imagine that

"Mormonism," is circumscribed by set rules, that the people are chained to a burdensome yoke, they mistake the genius of the gospel. The spirit of "Mormonism" will be broad and tolerant enough to comprehend the innovations of the times, and it will not be found building arks when arks are not necessary. The people honestly believe that the hand of God is controlling the destinies of the Church, as that it controls the destinies of the world. The spirit and genius of "Mormonism" as understood by its followers are embodied in the beautiful words of Jesus: "Not my will but Thine be done."

Joseph F. Smith.

THE SINGING AT THE FORTHCOMING SUNDAY SCHOOL CONFERENCE.

THE Deseret Sunday School Union Board desires the schools to practice the following hymns so that they may be sung at the approaching semi-annual Sunday School Conference in April. Elder George D. Pyper will lead.

1. For the Strength of the Hills we Bless Thee. (page 196.)
2. Catch the Sunshine. (page 216.)
3. Count your Blessings.
4. Far, Far Away on Judea's Plains. (page 135.)

The pages given are those in the Deseret Sunday School Song Book.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Extracts from letters written by Elders Alma O. Taylor and Fred. A. Caine of the Japanese Mission, dated January 1, 1906:

"Our Christmas was an exceedingly merry one in every particular. This year the missionaries were not all together, as in years past. The four of us celebrated here at Tokyo, two at Sendai and three at Sapporo, Japan. In all three places we gave an entertainment for the children of the Sunday School, and after delightful and exceedingly well rendered programs, we had a reminder from Old Santa Claus. In all, the Elders entertained this Christmas nearly five hundred children and some of their parents.

The celebrations in Sendai and Sapporo being the first to be held in those places, were not carried out on quite such an elaborate scale as the one we had at Tokyo. The following is the program of exercises in Tokyo:

Opening address—Supt. Alma O. Taylor.

Song, "Come, dear children, join and sing"—School.

Prayer—Miss Hisa Saito (aged 12).

Speech, "Palestine, the land of Christ's birth"—Master Susuke Awaya (aged 13).

Piano selection—Elder James Anderson.

Speech, "Christ's birth, the angels and the shepherds"—Miss Ei Nachie (aged 14).

Character song, "Mary"—Four little girls. (One little girl with a doll took the part of Mary, and three little girls the part of Mary's friends who came to see the new-born babe (ages 11 and 12).

Song, "Far, far away, on Judea's plains"—School.

Speech, "The star of Bethlehem, and the Wise Men of the East"—Miss Yae Uesugi (aged 12).

Song, "Christmas carol"—Three Katagiri sisters and school. (One little girl is 7 years old, one 10 and one 12).

Speech, "The flight into Egypt"—Master Motoi Onozawa (aged 12).

Christmas Tree Illumination.

"Christmas, Who is Santa Claus?"—Miss Ai Takagi (17 years).

Santa Claus himself drops in—Elder Fred A. Caine. (A dialogue that brought down the house followed Santa Claus' arrival, and then he gave presents, candy and nuts, to all the children.)

Speech to the parents on the value of Sunday School work to the children—Sister Taune Nachie (our last convert).

Closing song, "Little children, love the Savior"—School.

Prayer—Miss Ei Takagi (aged 15).

"Good-bye, sweet dreams of the babe of Bethlehem."

The program was of course conducted in Japanese throughout. Everyone had a fine time. God sustained us and the children in the execution of every part of the program, so we give Him the praise.

"Christmas was a busy day for us: We worked like beavers all day, decorating and getting all things in readiness for the party. Our home was hung in evergreens and the Christmas tree completed the decorations for the biggest Christmas the Mormons have had in the Orient.

"The following record of attendance might be interesting: Saito Hisa San attended forty-nine times last year out of a possible fifty-one. Uesugi Yae San was only one point behind her in the race for first place. The Onazawaza boy took the third prize. We were well satisfied with the year's work in the Sunday School, most of the students have attended quite regularly, quite a few have been present more than forty times."

A MODERN HERO.



T being a country town "Pioneer day"—July 24th—had been celebrated with the enthusiasm of years gone by, and with such pageant as circumstances would permit.

Almost the entire population had assisted in making the parade a success. There were the twenty-four young ladies and young men dressed in appropriate costume, representing the day; a float containing a sufficient number of little girls to represent every state in the union, a broad ribbon across the breast of each bearing the name of the chosen or native state, with Utah resplendant among them as "Queen of the West." "Utah as it was," a few old rickety carts, drawn by poor old oxen, and driven by ragged veterans who walked, proud today of the suffering and perils of that other time. "Utah as it is" followed closely, a float of gilded grandeur, a mass of grains, flowers, fruits, and all the manufactured luxuries that could well be displayed. Prosperous, well dressed citizens drove this "Marvel of the Desert," or rode in their carriages behind spirited horses. There were also bands of music, officers in militia uniform on prancing horses, and many other interesting features.

To the aged—those who had been of the

parade on the first 24th of July, and succeeding ones for ten or fifteen years—it brought back bitter-sweet experiences; but to the young it was a day of unmixed delight.

The fact that "we did it" was the keynote. It appeared in the procession, ever-voiced in the speeches, and soared in triumph through the songs. It warmed the hearts with that comfortable self-approval, that makes it possible for people to "hurrah" for themselves.

But such is the plan of the infinite that the happiest day as well as the saddest draws to a close. The feasts had been partaken of, ice-cream and lemonade had been dispensed freely, and enthusiastically received. The children had danced away the long afternoon, and now, as night was closing down warm and odorous, with no moon to shed, for once, an unwelcome light, the revelers were gathering themselves together in anticipation of the wealth of fireworks that were to be displayed, as soon as the shades of evening were thick enough to enhance their brilliancy.

The evening program was to close with a dance for the grown people, but just now the floor of the pavilion was crowded with improvised seats, and young and old were

packed too closely for comfort, and many fans flirted the air into little imitation breezes, while endurance was fortified by anticipation.

The pavilion was built of light lumber, and one side of it was attached to a general merchandise establishment, worth many thousands of dollars, and owned by the same firm who owned the pavilion. The floor was some distance from the ground, so that it was reached by three or four steps, roofed in over head, but open on all the sides except the one that joined the store. A dry summer, and a month of July sun, had put everything in fine condition for a destructive fire. But no thought of such an expedient had entered the hearts of the people assembled, as the master of ceremonies, cheered and encouraged by much hand clapping, began selecting the smaller pieces of mock artillery, and began setting them off, sending their tails of fiery splendor out into the night from the edge of the pavilion floor, as far from the audience as he could get.

Indeed several strong assistants were required to push back (and occasionally drop over the edge of the pavilion) forward individuals among the troupe of young Americans who pushed up to the master-of-ceremonies, confident they could display the fireworks better, and they knew they could do it faster than the man in charge.

The fireworks were piled up in an open dry goods box, and a tall, lank youth, too large to be pushed back or dropped over the edge of the pavilion into the street, leaned against a pillar and watched the display from close quarters.

Pin wheels whirled in trailing robes of fire. Rockets and torpedoes rushed skyward, dazzling the eyes with the brilliancy of the blue, crimson, green and purple balls set afloat. Balloons sailed aloft majestically, to burst between heaven and earth, sending down a shower of sparks as though all the stars of the firmament were

falling, and delight and enthusiasm were at the highest point.

No one ever knew just how it happened, but fire was dropped into the box in which remained at least two thirds of the fireworks, and by far the heavier pieces. A pinwheel caught fire, and in its mad whirl threw fire in every part of the case, a Roman candle exploded in such a position that the heavy case flew into the audience, striking a child, who set up a wild scream. A rocket hopped out of the case and sent a stream of fire along the floor under the seats. In half a minute there was a panic.

The man in charge tried to get pieces actually on fire out of the box, but they multiplied so rapidly that he only succeeded in scorching his hair and whiskers and badly burning his hands.

It would only be a question of moments when some of the gauzy draperies worn by the ladies and children would be ignited by the fast flying sparks, and then who could avert a tragedy?

Our lanky youth at the first explosion in the box sensed the situation and dropped himself over the edge of the platform out of harm's way, while the cries of terror from women and children, struggling madly to get first out of what, in three minutes might be a burning building, rose in a din behind him, and the cannonading increased in violence.

Thoughts flew through his mind like lightning. "Lots of those people will be hurt getting out of there. The pavilion will burn like a box of matches. If it burns, so will the store. I wonder if anyone will think of a way to stop it catching fire? If it really gets to burning I wonder if we can possibly put it out? Of what use is my athletic training ever going to be to me, if I always run away and leave some one else to find the way?"

All this before he had taken three steps, and he turned on his heel, leaped upon the

platform, picked up the box—which was a small volcano by this time—leaped as far as he could, and flung the box to the center of the wide street. His clothes were on fire, and while he engaged in the urgent task of extinguishing them he had the satisfaction of hearing that the screams and cries of terror had died out behind him.

The explosions were over in a few minutes, and our hero, as we will now call him, gave the still burning box a heartfelt parting kick and started home. He was hardly presentable. The entire front of his light summer suit was burned out, and an eight inch blister occupied the space, and there were several smaller ones. His hair and eye-brows were burned off, and his hands, face and throat were scorched.

Of course this incident put an end to that part of the entertainment, and the married folks and children went home, but the irrepressible young people cleared the floor for action, and the dance went merrily on.

But with these gay revelers we have nothing more to do. We will follow our school boy home, and see if his training of head and heart does honor to the B. Y. University, as his athletic training has done.

His wounds were painful, but not dangerous in the ordinary sense of the word, but could have been made so by carelessness, so he was obliged to go to bed, and remain there, while his mother, who was an excellent nurse, applied healing lotions and bandages.

Our hero's mother was a widow, and because this is a true story, and of somewhat recent date all parties must be nameless. By making great sacrifices and struggling on from day to day, with the faith and patience of motherhood, which never tires, she had managed to pay his expenses through two years of manual training in the B. Y. University in the Normal department. She had strained her finan-

ces to the breaking point, depriving herself and younger children, almost of the necessities of life, to meet the inevitable expense, looking forth cheerfully and with a stout heart to the time when as a teacher he should lift the burdens from her shoulders.

She shed tears over him as he lay swathed in bandages. First, because he was her child, and it hurt her heart to see him suffering pain. Second, because this temporary inability to work might cause him to lose the good paying job he had secured only a few days before, and the wages he had expected to make were to go very far toward the next year's schooling. She knew so much better than the boy that a few dollars in his case was the narrow margin between getting that next year's schooling, or being obliged to stay out.

But the boy's mind was full of the stories he had read and heard told of how boys had flagged trains when danger threatened and the grateful passengers had taken up a subscription that sent the lucky boy through college, and the president of the road had given him an honorable place in his employment as a compliment to his courage; and of the boys who had saved lives, and important papers by rushing into burning buildings, and, yes, boys who had saved buildings from burning, all these had been handsomely rewarded, and properly appreciated, etc., etc.

After the pain had somewhat subsided, he began to frame a modest speech he intended to make to the proprietors of the store and pavilion which he had most assuredly saved from destruction. He hardly thought he would accept money—not more than a hundred dollars anyhow—but in justice to his mother they might replace his suit of clothes; and, yes, they might make up to him the wages he would lose through the accident. If the job was really lost, he had no doubt they would secure another for him. He rather hoped

too many of the boys and girls would not call on him, especially the girls, for while he was not a handsome youth at any time, the scorching he had received had not bettered his looks. Besides, praise to one's face is very hard to receive courteously, and at the same time pursue a dignified modest demeanor.

So the first few days of convalescence were passed in a very comfortable frame of mind, in spite of the pain and enforced idleness. Waking, he planned his future from this new vantage ground, and sleeping he dreamed such things as of right belong to those conscious of perfect rectitude.

But when three days had passed and a few near neighbors had called in, looked at him and laughed at his grotesque appearance, and told him what a fool he had been to risk an injury to save the property of such close fisted men, his spirits sank and his dreams were less hopeful.

It took all the force of his mother's strongly asserted: "They may be 'close-fisted,' but they are honest and honorable, and will not allow you to suffer a loss if they feel that you have served them," to keep his hopes from falling to zero. It remained, however, for our lanky youth's brother to give him the cruellest thrust of all.

"Say, all the young folks in town are going over the mountain to be gone a week. Your girl is going with the 'feller' she went to the dance with when you did not come for her the evening of the 24th."

"Well, I don't care," said our hero, stoutly. But he did care, for not one of them had called; and he felt suddenly as though he had no friends.

"Say," came the insistent voice of the younger brother again. I heard some fellers up town saying you could have put the fire out by throwing your coat over it, and there was no need of your burning yourself. The women and children would

have gotten out anyhow, and if you'd been bright, you'd let the owners of the property look out for it."

"Never mind telling me any more," our hero said, not unkindly, and having all he could do to choke back the tears. "I guess if it was put to vote right now I would find that if I had just a little more sense I would be half-witted." And with this feeble attempt at a joke, he closed his eyes and feigned sleep.

He had so much time to think, was one of our hero's difficulties. His was not like an ordinary illness, where the entire body is involved in the disease. His mind was clear, and tormenting questions pressed upon him. Had he really erred in his judgment of the case? Instead of doing the obviously proper and courageous thing, had he only made himself ridiculous?

But his good sense rose up in rebellion against this estimate of his conduct. He remembered the panic stricken mass of people jammed into the seats, the wails, screams and cries of terror, and the blazing packing box, distributing its contents indiscriminately, and knew that his light, summer coat, or anything else in his reach, would but have added fuel to the flames.

When his spirits were at the lowest ebb, there came a letter from a boy friend who had learned of the affair through a letter our hero's mother had written to cancel a visit.

The letter was a cooling lotion to his wounded vanity.

Dear Friend: [the letter ran.]

All the fellows here think you have had a great adventure, and done the grand thing. Of course you have had better things said to you than we know how to say, and said by more important people, so I and the rest of the fellows just say "Hello," and give you three cheers and a tiger.

* * * * *

Be sure and write and tell us all about it. What were your losses and how bad are your

hurts. What did the merchants and pavilion men do for you?

Shake, old boy,

This letter gave our singed hero considerable comfort. Then his mother with true tact and delicacy came and sat by his bed and read aloud to him. First an essay on the life of Columbus, wherein the detraction, slander and unjust punishment which that great man met, instead of the honor and gratitude due him, were graphically set forth. Then a newspaper article bitterly criticising Admiral Dewey, the "Hero of Manila Bay." A grateful (?) public had given him a home, and kept a string on the gift, that he might not do what he pleased with it. They wanted to boss their gift, and wellnigh broke the heart of the greatest naval hero of the age with their contemptible remarks. Then she laid aside the printed pages, and talked long and earnestly of the life of the modern "prophet." The greater the man, the higher his motive, the more lasting and beneficial the work which he does for mankind, the less is he appreciated, the less understood, the more lonely his life. It is a grand thing if a man's nearest and dearest understand and appreciate him, as Martin Luther's wife did the great reformer. Byron has said something well worth remembering on this subject:

He who ascends the mountain tops will find,
The loftiest peaks most wrapped in ice and
snow;
He who surpasses or outstrips mankind,
Must look down on the hate of those below.

A person who lives the highest life must carry the spirit of our Savior with them always living according to their highest ideals, reverencing humanity, and having no desire to judge others, but helping always to cultivate the divine in every human soul."

It was several days after he was able to be out again, after he had visited his former employers, and found that his place had;

of necessity, been filled by another, had "rustled" another job and begun again the fight for money enough to pay his expenses for another school year, that he took time to answer his friend's letter:

Dear Old Boys—The Whole Crowd of You:

I was mighty glad to get your letter. I have got over my burns and my swelled head. My losses were one patch of hide eight inches square, more or less, and several smaller pieces; one summer suit, one pair eye-brows, one incipient moustache, one dance, one picnic, one girl, my job and a week's wages, all the ideas I had absorbed from reading the *Youth's Companions* as to how a noble public rewarded good little boys for doing things.

You asked me what the owners of the property did for me? *Nothing*—with a little n. You did not ask me what I had gained, but I think you fellows will understand. I've got another job and the nerve to hold it down. I'm coming back to school this winter, and I'm going to take athletics again, so that when the necessity arises I can always feel "fit." I hope to meet you all at school again this winter. So long.

Your friend,

He read his letter to his mother for her approval, and added her kind wishes to his friends.

"I have had a lot of time to think this week, he said. "I've been getting acquainted with myself, and remembering all you have done for me, and never failed me. I think I understand better what it means for a fellow's mother to take an interest in him, both to him and her, especially when people are poor like we are, and if ever I get a school and get to making money, I'll see that you have an easier time."

"And, my son, I have learned some things about you, that have done me good," said his mother with a smile. I have learned that your mind can appeal to your conscience and find an instant answer, so that your natural impulse will always be to do the right thing without counting the loss or reward. That you can depend on your-

self in an emergency, and think and act with dispatch. That you are not angry when people do not meet your ideas of gratitude, or even of justice. That you can judge your own conduct and be satisfied without blame or praise."

"Thank you, mother," he said, "I am going to try to deserve the good opinion you have of me." And he went out and off to his work, his shoulders squared, and his head up, for he had earned his own self-respect.

He got back to school that winter, but half of the year he worked for his board, several miles out in the country and traveled back and forth through bitter weather, but he got the learning he wanted. Then there was a year that he had to work, and then another year at school, and I am pleased to tell you that this year he is teaching, and living up to the promise he made his mother.

Ellen Jakeman.

DON'T WORRY.

Words by W. W. Burton.

Music by H. H. Peterson.

KINDERGARTEN

Edited By Donnette Smith Kesler and Rebecca Morris.



SECOND SUNDAY, MARCH 11, 1906.

1. Song. Good Morning to All.

2. Hymn. Selected.

3. The Lord's Prayer.

4. Wind Song. Smith 90.

5. Morning Talk.

So many little things are happening now every day to tell us that spring is coming. Who has seen something that is beginning to wake up? Let the children tell what they have seen. You, too, will have something to tell of; for no doubt you have observed the leaf buds swelling larger and some perhaps have opened a little; the horse-chestnut is quite large and beginning to show signs of a leaf. In the meadows perhaps you have heard the frog croaking, for he soon calls out spring's here, as the little rhyme tells us:

Little green frog in the meadow,
Your hoarse, rough voice do I hear,
As you croakingly call to your neighbor,
Spring's here! Spring's here! Spring's here!

And many birds have returned to us, and perchance a busy bee has come from his hive to see how the world looks. The breath of spring is in the air, even though the meadows may now and then be white with snow; for we know the wind comes very often this month, and is apt to bring snow. The sunshine grows warmer and stays longer every day, and many little raindrops come "to the great brown earth, where the flowerets sleep," and tell them to wake up. What else besides the flowers are asleep in the great brown earth? (Worms, toads, gophers and many other hibernating animals.)

Let us sing the song of the rain-drops, that tap, tap, tap. Rain song, Smith.

6. Bible Lesson.

Review "The Good Samaritan." Arrange your own review, or ask some child to re-tell the story.

7. Rest Exercise

Make a rest exercise of the rhyme of "Little Green Frog." Have the lap for the meadow, and play the hands are frogs springing in the meadow, but only spring three times, as the words tell. Give some other finger-plays; then all stand and stretch the whole body, after which be seated and very quiet, ready for a story. Give a quiet exercise sometimes, to see how long you can keep perfectly still.

8. Story.

Re-tell the story of the Sun and the Wind, emphasizing the things that each can do. What they do in the spring; how one can blow away while the other can bring back. We will soon see which is the stronger and can bring back the spring.

9. Children's Period.

10. Closing. March Out one by one.

For the teachers:

What kind of nature work to take up in the Sunday kindergarten, and why we take it up.

How many of us look in admiration on a beautiful picture, for the artist has put a truth on his canvas, and as we admire it, we see the rich coloring, the bright light and his perfect interpreting of a noon day sun. Yet we go out into the fields and have not the eyes to see the original picture that our artist copied on the canvas. Browning says:

We're made so, that we love
 First, when we see them painted, things we
 have passed
 Perhaps a hundred times, nor cared to see.

Many of these "things we have not cared to see" are just the things we want to encourage our children to see. That they may go through the meadows, woods and fields with their eyes and ears open ready to see, to hear and to learn of the Creator's great work; and not to have it said of them as the blind man so truly said of some, "There be no such thing as sight. * * * There is the corporeal malady of blindness, and there is the mental malady of blind sight. * * * In good sooth ye are all blind, except thy mind and eye do see in harmony. * * * Verily there be those who see not though they do look; who having eyes of great showing, yet walk abroad in strange blindness."

In the fall we endeavor to show how all nature prepares for a long rest. The insects, fowls, flowers, trees, animals, etc., all prepare for winter, each in their own particular way. The elements are different in the fall, and all the world, at least around us, changes. During the winter we notice the things which come and go; how the sun has changed, and how the frost and snow come, etc. As the sun begins to come nearer to the earth, the frost and ice and snow begin to melt, the earth absorbs the water, and at length the breath of spring is in the air. The wind, rain and sun come and help prepare the earth for the return of the flowers, bees, birds, leaves, insects and animals. The fall shows all things preparing for rest; the spring shows all things striving to live. One symbolizes death, the other the resurrection.

Encourage the children to observe how wonderfully nature has taught the little plants to unfold, how the small insects awaken. If it is possible, get a cocoon to hang in the window that you may all

watch for the awakening of the worm into its new and more beautiful life. A bulb is an easy thing to get, that you may all watch it grow and unfold into the fragrant lily. We cannot study and live out in nature's garden long before we learn how all things there help and depend upon each other. What would the bees and insects do were it not for the flowers? How could the birds content themselves in a world without trees, worms, flowers, etc.?

As summer advances changes still take place. The sun grows warmer each day, more flowers bloom, and how quickly the berries, fruit, vegetables and grain, ripen, so that man may be fed. And then the fall—the great harvest time—when all things are gathered in for our livelihood. God's providence is everywhere.

Now is the high-tide of the year,
 And whatever of life hath ebbed away.
 Comes flooding back with a rippy cheer
 Into every bare inlet and creek and bay,
 Now the heart is so full that a drop overfills it,
 We are happy now because God so wills it;
 No matter how barren the past may have been,
 'Tis enough for us now that the leaves are
 green;

We sit in the warm shade and feel right well;
 How the sap creeps up and the blossoms swell;
 We may shut our eyes, but we cannot help
 knowing

That skies are clear, and grass is growing;
 The breeze comes whispering in our ear
 That dandelions are blooming near.
 * * * *

Joy comes, grief goes, we know not how;
 Everything is happy now,
 Everything is upward stirring;
 'Tis as easy now for the heart to be true
 As for grass to be green or skies to be blue—
 'Tis the natural way of living.

THIRD SUNDAY, MARCH 18, 1906.

Thought for teacher: Helpfulness.

1. Song.
2. The Lord's Prayer.
3. Hymn.
4. Song.

5. Morning Talk.

Which is the wind that brings the cold?
The North wind, Freddie, and all the snow,
And the sheep will scamper into the fold
When the North begins to blow.

Which is the wind that brings the heat?
The South wind, Katy, and corn will grow,
And peaches redden for you to eat
When the South begins to blow.

Which is the wind that brings the rain?
The East wind, Arty, and farmers know *
That cows come shivering up the lane,
When the East begins to blow.

Which is the wind that brings the flowers?
The West wind, Bessie, and soft and low
The birdies sing in summer hours.
When the West begins to blow.

All winter the little seeds have been sleeping in the brown earth, under the leaves and the ice and the snow. Now Jack Frost is going away again and the warm sunshine will do her work. Mother Nature must do her housecleaning so the grass can grow, flowers bloom, and everything be clean and bright again. It is the wind that does Mother Nature's sweeping. He blows hard and sweeps the ground and the house-tops, and when children happen along he blows them, too, sending their clothes tightly around them and very often carrying their hats away from them. Did you ever see the wind treat a boy or a girl like that?

6. Nature Story.

THE VIOLETS.

The autumn winds were blowing over the flower beds, and the violets curled themselves up and crept closer together.

GOOD FOR YOU.

Peg away. Don't get discouraged.
Did you do well today? You can do better tomorrow.

Beautiful thoughts make beautiful lives.
Think no ugly thoughts and your tongue will never wound a friend.

* In Utah, and regions round about, it is not the East wind that usually brings the rain.

Green leaves covered them, still they shivered and whispered, "Good friends, we are cold." So the trees made haste to cover them with a bright blanket of many-colored leaves which they shook from their boughs.

After a few nights a frost came and again the violets whispered "Good friends we are cold." This time a beautiful blanket soft and white as wool was spread over them and soon the little flowers slept and dreamed for many days.

One day in the early spring they heard a sweet rustling all around them for spring was calling and all the tiny plants and seeds were preparing to wake from their restful sleep.

The violets were just opening their eyes when they heard a robin sing. That they might hear better they lifted their heads, for the sun and the wind had melted the snow and swept away the leaves which had covered them, and they found themselves right in the arms of the golden sunbeams, which were waiting to welcome them.

(If possible have a few violets to show the children and to let them smell before telling this story. A picture (in colors) is the next best. A black-board drawing will answer, but the children should have some idea of what a violet is like).

7. Song or Rest Exercise—choose.

8. Bible Story. Choose.

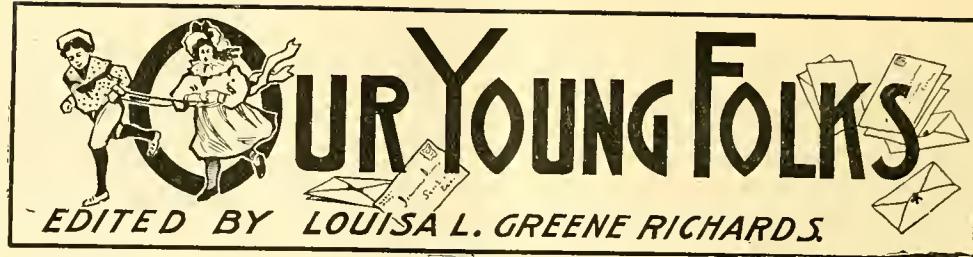
9. Children's Period.

10. Wind Song.

11. Closing Song. March out.

Keep your shadow out of the other fellow's sunshine.

Maybe it's all right to lose one opportunity and wait for the next, but if you don't plant your seeds in the spring you may get hungry for "garden sass," before the next spring.



Address: Mrs. L. L. Greene Richards, 160 C Street, Salt Lake City, Utah.

THE BOY SHOEMAKER OF BERRYVILLE

XXVI.

He that is down need fear no fall,
He that is low no pride;
He that is humble ever shall
Have God to be his guide.

JOHN BUNYAN.

A Surprising Letter from Ted.—Carl and Jem Talk it Over.

My Dear Little Brother Jemmy: [wrote Ted on the last day of September.]

Since I wrote you last I have not been able to work all the time. I have not been sick, but have had too many "Fourth of July celebrations," and all that. And you know such things cost money as well as time. And so—I am ashamed to tell you—but the truth is, I have not saved a cent yet. I really thought I would have done something great to help you out before now, but you see how things are with me.

I am determined to do better though. I am not going to keep on eating up and spending all my earnings in having good times. I owe you and Carl a great deal, and have not yet done a thing towards paying the expense of my sickness there, caused by my own foolishness. But I intend to pay back all you have done for me, and a great deal more, just as soon as I can now.

I make good wages when I work well, but I've been going behind for awhile. In order to dress as well as any of the gentlemen, and to appear at the grand entertainments to which the best of the people here have been inviting me, I must confess to you, that I have run in debt. And now the young man who has helped me is in a tight place himself, and wants me to pay him something.

How are you prospering with your school work and every way? You and Carl are so industrious and so careful, I dare say you have paid up all arrears and have something saved up again to do good to somebody with. Why not

help your brother? Can you, and will you and Carl loan me twenty-five dollars for one month? I will pay you then, sure, and will give you better interest than the bank is giving you.

Mrs. Mathews and her daughters are so kind and attentive to me; I feel as though I must make a good appearance for their sake. Maud is the most womanly and sensible girl I ever saw. She thinks there is nothing in the world so pleasant as my reading aloud to her. You see, I must not pain these friends by letting them know that I have had to go beyond my means to comply with their pressing invitations to attend everything that has been arranged for social enjoyment. They are very rich, and they do not have to consider the cost of things as we do.

Please answer right away, and if you can, send me a check or a draft, for which I shall be always

Your grateful and affectionate brother,
TEDDY.

P. S. Digit is getting along all right. He wants me to send his kind remembrance to you boys, and also to Polly Rafton. He will never forget her.

TED.

"Well, my goodness!" said Jem, after reading his brother's letter aloud to Carl, who was working away at his shoemaking. "Did you ever hear such—such—er—what is it that ails Ted, Carl?"

And Jem's face was pale with surprise at his brother's lack of sensibility.

"I don't know whether you are trying to think of 'impudence,' or 'ingratitude,' either word would suit the case, I believe," answered Carl.

"Yes," he continued, "I have heard of people before who were like Ted. The more help they got, the more they looked for.

"An old lady who used to visit my

mother would tell of some relatives that she had helped to make a start in life. And then, although they were able to do for themselves, they would still look for her to be always helping them, instead of their trying to do something for her in return for all her kindness. I remember her saying that 'you might as well stick your finger into a bucket of water and expect to see a hole on taking it out, as to look for gratitude from people you do good to.' But mother would not agree with the old lady on such points. Mother believed there was more goodness in the world than many people could imagine, and that misunderstandings were usually the cause of differences between relatives and friends, and that one side was as liable to be mistaken as the other."

"Well, there's no misunderstanding between Ted and us, that I can see," said Jem. "He is just beggar-like in the way he is doing, and I think it is a shame to him, and I'll write and tell him so!"

"Oh! let's not be too hard on him, Jem," said Carl. "If there is no misunderstanding there need be no quarrel, you see. Let's write him a good, friendly letter, and help him to see that the only thing for him to do will be to stick to his wise resolution and stop spending all he makes or more. It may be a good thing for him as well as for ourselves that we have nothing to send him but our brotherly advice, which I hope he will profit by."

"But I don't know how to write a letter of that kind, Carl," said Jem. "If you would let me write that I think he is real mean and selfish to ask anything more of you, when you have done so much for him and for me, I could write to him now and have it done with."

"That would not be the best way, Jem," answered Carl. "When you had read Ted's letter, I at first felt hurt and mad at him. But as soon as I remembered how

mother used to feel and talk, and I told you about it, I felt better, and as though I wanted to do something to help poor Ted to see his fault more clearly than he does, and to overcome it. And we can do this, Jem, with a little patient study over the way to write to him. We can't write today, for I have to finish these boots, and this evening we must go and practice swimming. And anyhow, we have not thought yet just how we want to write our letter to Ted."

"Well, I'll do my work and think it over, Carl. I suppose you are right, you always are," said Jem.

(To be Continued.)



ANNIE'S DISCOVERY.

"ESTHER LONG is just the luckiest girl I know. She gets everything she wants, has dolls, toys, and lovely clothes, and now she has a fine new dolls' house. I never seem to have anything."

Annie's face was wrinkled all up in a frown.

"Annie, are you nearly ready?" called mother. "It's almost school time, and you will be late. I see Esther has driven past."

"That's it," grumbled Annie. "Esther drives to school, and I have to walk. 'Tisn't fair one bit."

Annie was all out of breath from running when she reached school, almost late, and more than one person stopped to look after her rosy face and brown curls, as she ran.

"Let's make a snowman," suggested one of the girls after school.

Annie was busy with the rest rolling up huge snowballs and putting the snowman into shape, when a gentle little voice asked, "Won't you drive home with me?" and turning, Annie saw Esther, who had been standing apart, watching the fun.

"Oh, may I? Won't that be jolly! But why don't you help us make Mr. Snowman?" she asked in surprise.

Esther's serious little face flushed. "I mustn't," she said. "The doctor says I am not to play in the snow. Oh, I wish I could run and play like you."

"Like me! Why, of course I can run and play in the snow as much as I like; but you have everything you want, and surely you must be happy."

Just then the pretty cutter came along, and the coachman tucked the two happy children in.

"Oh, isn't it great?" exclaimed Annie as the pony dashed off.

"Yes, it's nice, but one gets tired driving all the time, and it's no fun playing alone. Won't you come some day and see my dolls' house?"

"I'd love to," answered Annie, eagerly, as she was put down at her own gate.

She went into the house thinking of the many hard things poor, delicate little Esther Long had to bear that she knew nothing about. "I never thought anyone would ever envy me," she said to herself.

Mary I. Houston.

LETTER-BOX.

Likes Home.

RICHMOND, UTAH.

I have not seen any letters from Richmond, so I thought I would write one. I go to Sunday School and Primary, also day school. I have one little sister but no brother. My mother keeps the post-office. I am not old enough to help her in the office much, but I can help with the house work.

I think Richmond is a very nice town, and I should like to live here always. It is not very large but it is growing. We have an eight-roomed school-house and a large tabernacle almost completed. We have had our house wired for electric lights

which we expect to have soon. My grandma lives one and a half miles south of town on a beautiful farm at the foot of some hills. I love to roam them in the spring to gather wild flowers.

Your loving friend

LORNZA MERRILL,

Aged 10 years.



Two Letters From Clover, Utah.

I am six years old, and I go to Sunday School and like my teachers very much. I have a train that runs on a track.

MELVIN STOOKEY.

I have two brothers. One is six and one is two and I am four years old. I go to Sunday School. And I have a doll and a little doll bed.

ELLA STOOKEY.



Fun With a Lamb.

MORONI, UTAH.

I want to write a letter to the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR. I have a pet lamb. Sometimes when I want to have some fun I hitch him on to my little wagon. I have a friend, his name is Frank. He gets in the wagon and then the fun begins. The lamb runs and over the wagon goes. I hope all the boys and girls got nice Christmas presents.

EUGENE FAUX, aged nine years.



From a New Convert.

**2 STANMORE Rd., ENMORE,
SYDNEY, AUSTRALIA.**

Seeing the other little letters in the paper I thought I would write, too. I live in Australia in the state of New South Wales, and have joined the Sydney branch of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints nearly a year since. My father, mother and sister are also baptized into

the Church. I go to Sunday School every Sunday and am in the intermediate class. My teachers are Elders Iverson and Lott. My father and sister are in the theological class. My sister is secretary and my mother is teacher of the primary class. We have about fifty scholars attending every Sunday. We also attend the Mutual Improvement Association, which is held every Thursday night, and it is progressing very well. We have essays and impromptu speeches. Sometimes I have a recitation or an essay to write. I am twelve years old and attend Enmore public school, being in the 5th class. We are hoping some day to go to Utah, and I would be glad if any of the little friends in Utah would write to me.

PHILIP HEILBUT.



Answer to Charade.

BENSON, CACHE CO. UTAH.

I think I have guessed one of the charades given in the first of February JUVENILE by Burnella Gardener. The name of the gifted lady writer is Eliza R. Snow. I am eleven years old.

MARY AURELIA FROST.



Answer and Charade.

MANTI, UTAH.

The charades have interested me very much. The answer to the one by George W. Johnson, in the JUVENILE for Feb. 1st, I have found to be Anthon H. Lund. I will send one composed of 16 letters.

1, 5 3, 4, is a desire.

2, 5, 12, no one can live without.

11, 6, 2, is a girl's name.

4, 2, 14, 12, is worn by everyone.

7, 2, 11, 6, is a profit.

8, 9, 15, 16, 3, is used for heated metals.

13, 2, 5, 10, is conceit.

The whole is the name of a great American writer.

LEONA M. FARNSWORTH,
Aged 14 years.



A Sensible Letter and a Riddle.

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.

I will send a riddle for the children to guess. I think if it gets printed they will all like it, because I like all the charades and letters and stories that are in the INSTRUCTOR. I have sent answers to several of the charades, but my answers have not been published. I do not feel bad about it, for I know a number of others who have sent answers too, and their names have not come out in the Letter-Box either. I think we should all feel that when the answer to a charade or riddle is once published, that is enough, and it doesn't matter whose name comes out with it. For, of course, the hundreds of names that are sent in from children everywhere cannot be put in the Letter-Box. But we can all have the fun of guessing the charades and riddles and of making some ourselves if we want to. I have started a number, and now here is one I have finished.

RIDDLE.

My first grows on weeds, and will often trouble give;

My second is a place where wild animals live.
My whole is something all must carry, and is often hard to bear;

A something that the young and old should all in kindness share.

I shall soon be thirteen years old.

LOTTIE BORREN.



Grandpa's Ranch.

GLENDALE, UTAH.

Last summer I went to my grandpa's ranch. It is on Duck Creek and is one of the prettiest places I ever saw. Grandpa has a saw mill there, and on every side may be seen tall pines and quaking asp trees

About a mile up the canyon from the house there is a spring, or a large hole in the mountain which the water pours out of, and a reservoir on which the folks boat-ride at times. And about a mile below the house is what is called "The Sinks," where a good sized stream of water sinks into the ground.

I am eleven years old.

VERA MAXWELL.



Lives with Uncle and Grandma.

KOOSHAREM, UTAH.

I thought I would write to the Letter Box. I like to read the little letters and other stories too. I go to the district school, Sunday School and Primary. I like all my teachers. My papa is dead and mama and I live with my uncle on a farm in the summer, and I drive the cows to the pasture. In the winter I stay with my grandma and go to school.

MAYNARD WRIGHT,

Aged 10 years.



Brother in Holland.

LEGRAND, UTAH.

I have read many letters in the Letter-Box, but none from here. We live on a farm. My oldest brother is on a mission in Holland. We have taken the JUVENILE for a long time.

OTHELLA MARKHAM.



SLEIGH RIDING IN SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA.

YOU may be surprised to hear of sleigh-riding in a land where summer reigns the year around, but the boys and girls in the golden state enjoy this sport as much as you or I do.

After school and on Saturdays, the boys and girls go to a nearby hill, where dried mustard grass is still standing, for this

grass serves them as our snow serves us. They carry a common sled with wooden runners with them.

With many a merry laugh and hurrah, these boys and girls "pile on their sled," as you and I would say, and someone giving them a push they start swiftly down the hill.

It is hard to steer, so the boys and girls let the sleigh take its own course.

As this merry troop are speeding on down the hill, the sled gives a lurch and one of the boys tumbles off, and makes grimaces at the rest of his playmates.

There is another merry shout, and with a jump and a bound the sled and its riders are tumbled in a heap at the foot of the hill.

Then there is a scramble up the incline and soon the happy crowd are ready for another ride.

Ruth Groeschner.



CHILDREN'S VOICES.

Sonnd loud the strains that tell of worldly splendor,

Glory and fame to freedom's valiant sons;
But to unfold love's story sweet and tender,
Give us the songs of Zion's little ones.

No music else compares with children's voices,
No songs like theirs such restful gladness
bring;

So, should I grieve, or if my soul rejoices,
And you would bless me, let the children sing.

Trumpet and drum ring out the music martial,
Strong hearts respond, with rapture deep and
wild;

But to express the Love unfeigned, impartial,
"The still, small voice," as of a little child.

No music else compares with children's voices,
No songs like theirs such restful gladness
bring;

So, should I grieve, or if my soul rejoices,
And you would bless me, let the children sing.

L. L. G. R.



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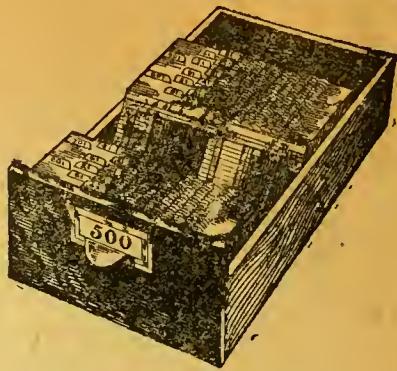
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**GOLDEN YELLOW
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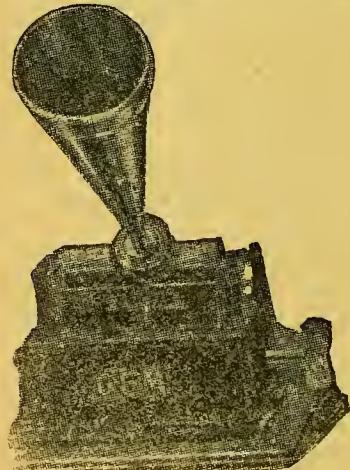
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1 Bat. Button,	10 Poppy,	10 Portulaca,
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Eschscholtzia,	6 Aster,	10 Pansy,
Sweet Alyssum,	7 Zinnia,	12 Sweet Peas,
Sweet William,	8 Balsam,	12 Pinks,
		6 Petunia,
		10 Larkspur,
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		10 Callionopsis,
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